

GOLD  
KEY

THE JETSONS

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

# The JETSONS

10041-501  
JANUARY







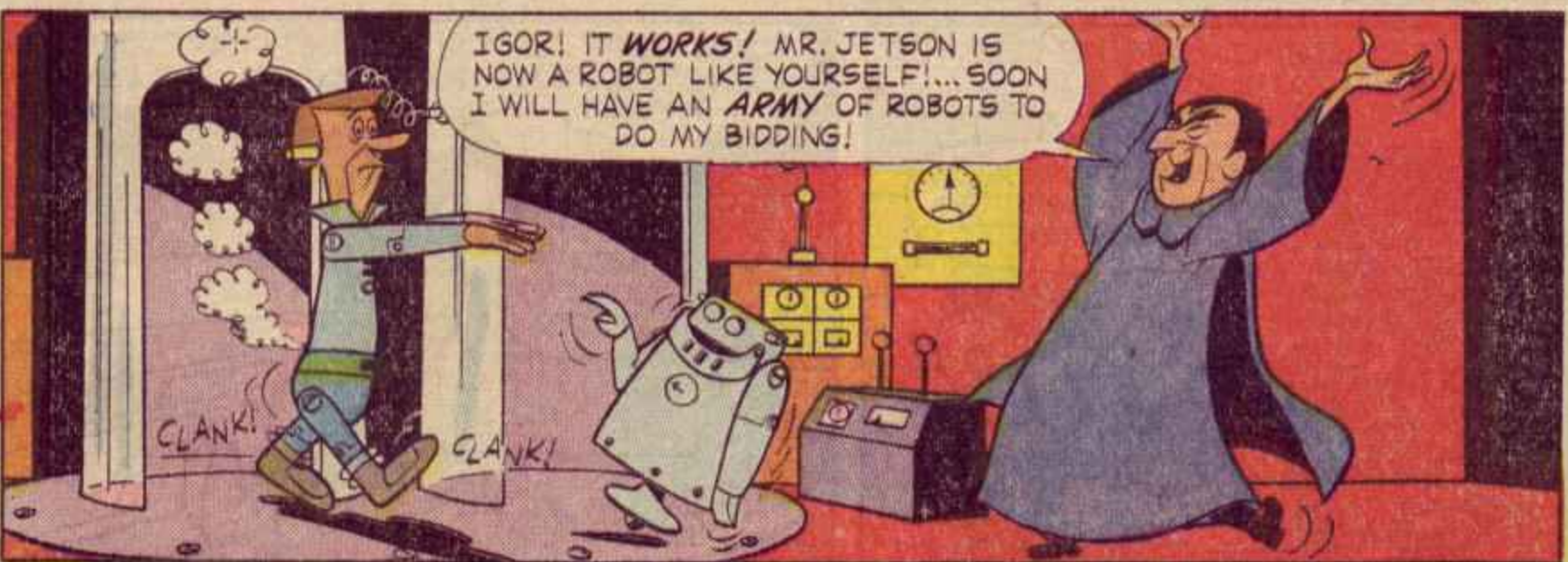
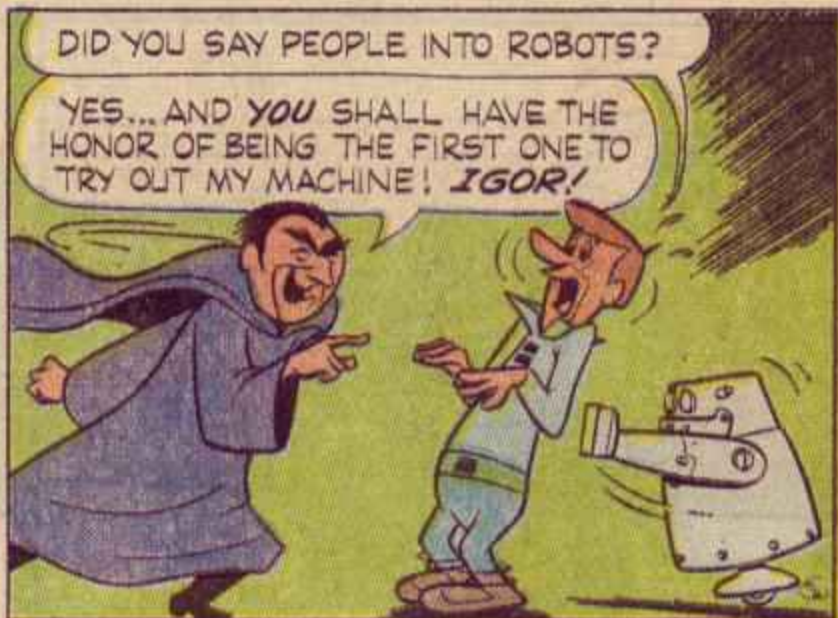
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WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL HE GOES TO SLEEP TONIGHT... THEN WE'LL TRY TO FIND THE SWITCH THAT TURNS DADDY OFF!

SLURP!  
GLUG!  
GLUG!



SO LATER THAT NIGHT...

SHHH... DON'T WAKE HIM!

I THINK I'VE FOUND THE SWITCH, MOM!



HEY... WHAT GOES ONNNN...

SORRY, DAD... I HATE TO DO THIS, BUT...

CLICK!



NOW LET'S TAKE HIM OVER TO THAT PROFESSOR BELA-BELA! AND HE HAD BETTER KNOW HOW TO FIX DADDY UP AGAIN, IF HE KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD FOR HIM!



MINUTES LATER...

WELL... SINCE YOU PUT IT THIS WAY, MRS. JETSON... YES! THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING I CAN DO FOR YOUR HUSBAND!



HEH, HEH! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PUT HIM INTO THIS TUBE... AND HE'LL BE REAL PEOPLE AGAIN, VERY QUICKLY!

CLUNK!



SECONDS LATER...

OH, BOY... I FEEL LIKE A BLOWN-OUT FLUSE! WHAT HAPPENED?... OH! NOW I REMEMBER!

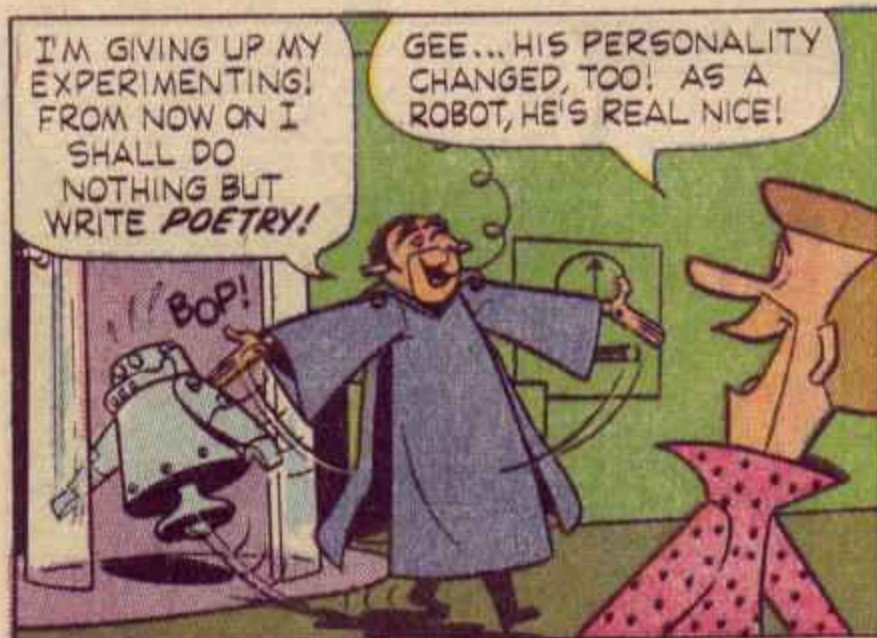
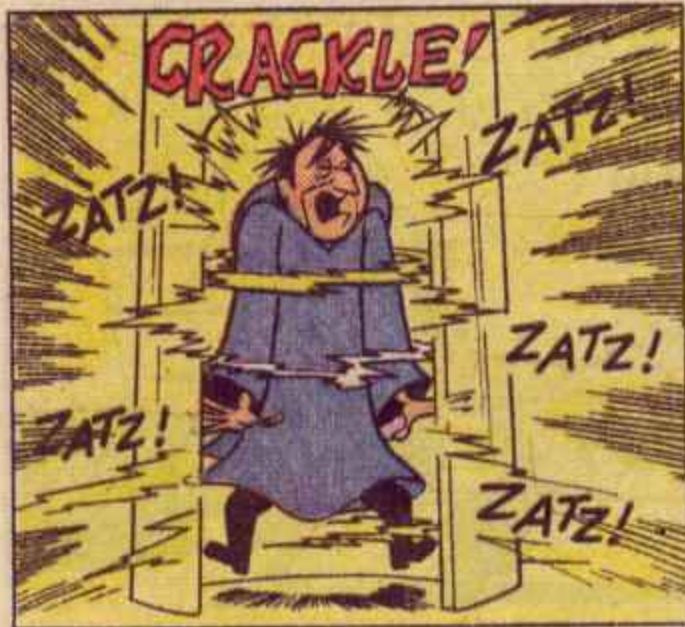
GEORGE! YOU'RE NORMAL AGAIN!



YOU! YOU TRIED TO MAKE AN IGOR OUT OF ME!

HEH, HEH! I'M SO SORRY TO HAVE INCONVENIENCED YOU!





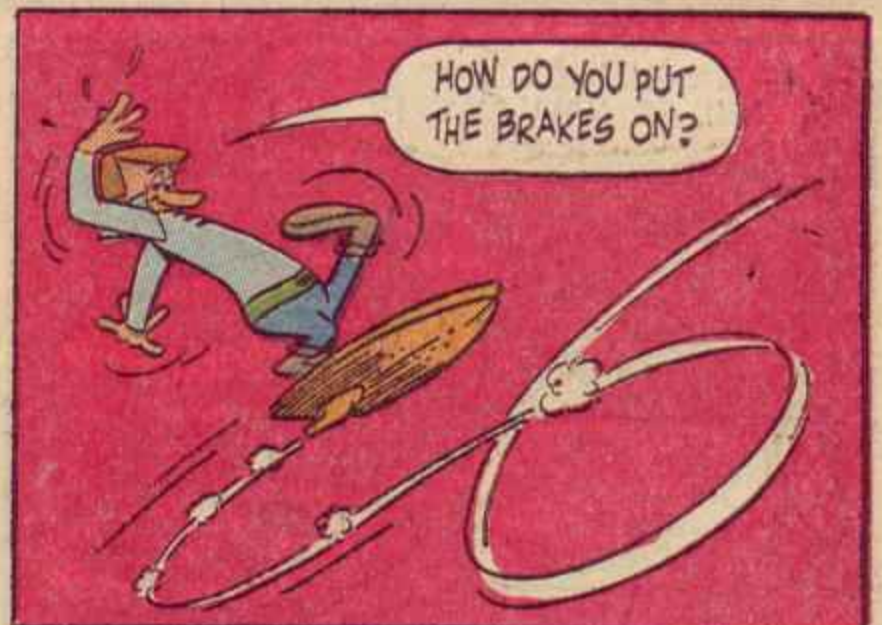
















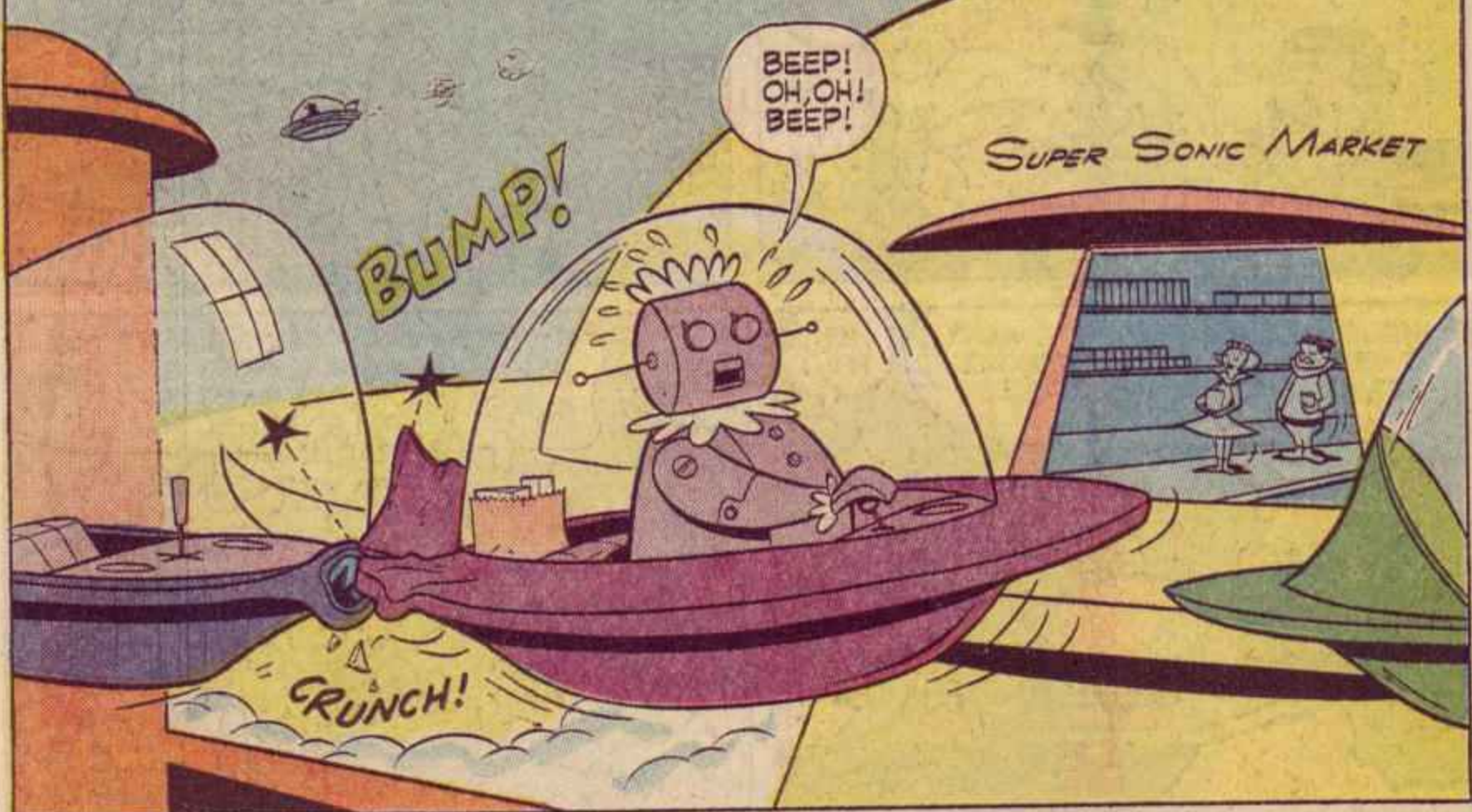






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The **JETSONS**

**THE BUDGET BUNGLE**



BEEP!  
OH, OH!  
BEEP!

**BUMP!**

SUPER SONIC MARKET

**CRUNCH!**



LATER...

...AND I'M  
VERY-BEEP!-  
SORRY, SIR!

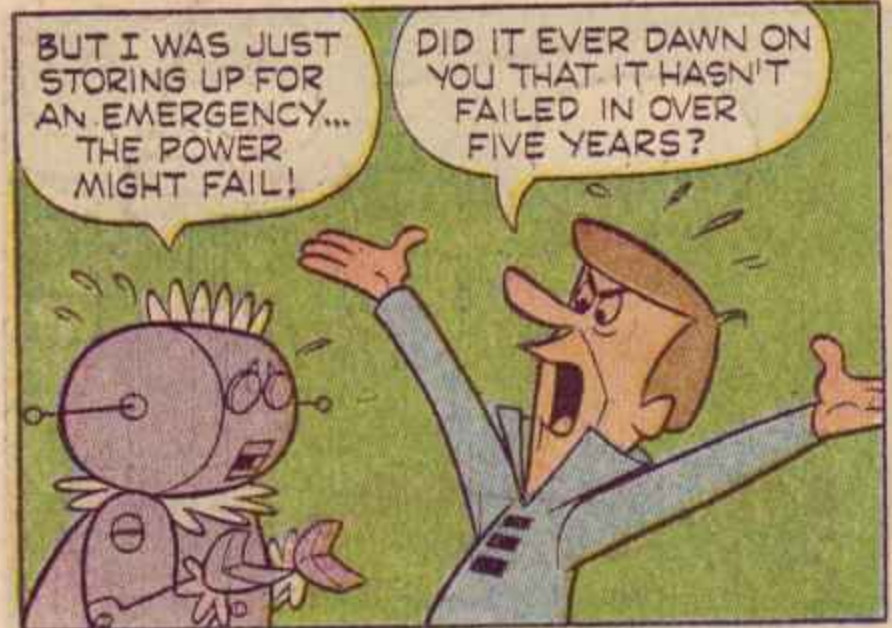
MY NICE NEW  
CAR... OH, NO!  
WHY DID YOU GO  
TO THE GROCERY  
STORE IN THE  
FIRST PLACE?



YOU HAVE ALL THE MODERN  
CONVENIENCES YOU NEED...  
AND YET YOU GO TO  
THE GROCERY STORE!

FOOD-O-MATI

- CHOPS
- STEAKS
- BEANS
- MUSH



BUT I WAS JUST  
STORING UP FOR  
AN EMERGENCY...  
THE POWER  
MIGHT FAIL!

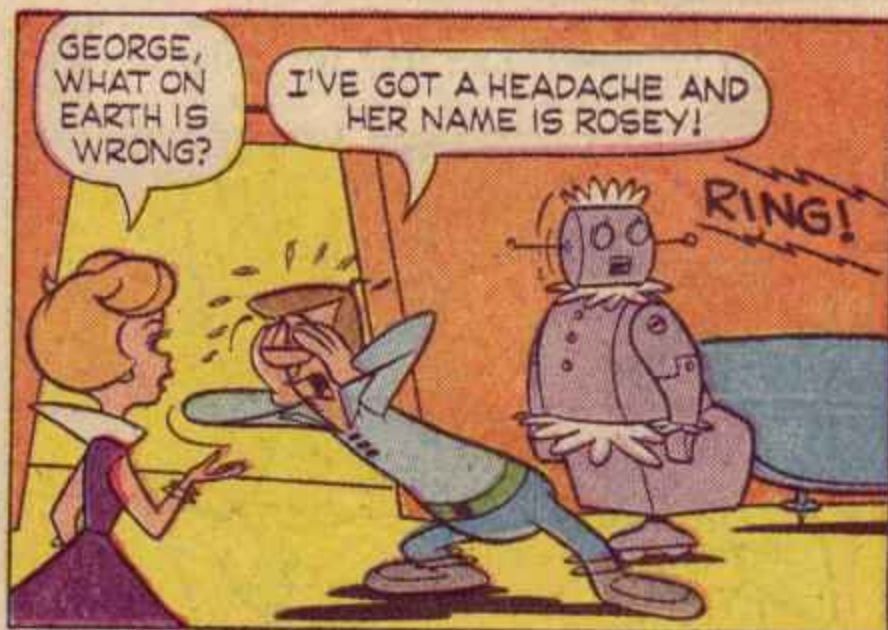
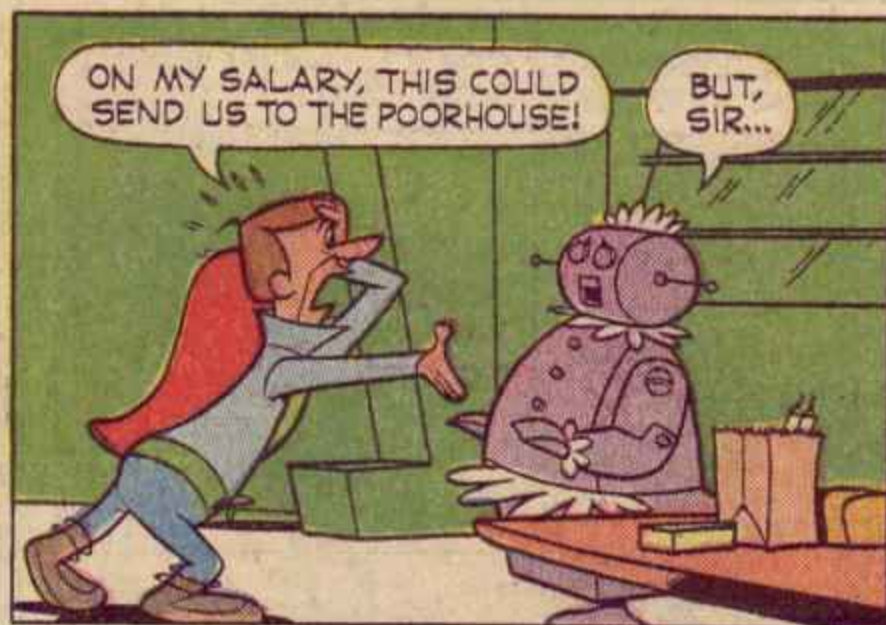
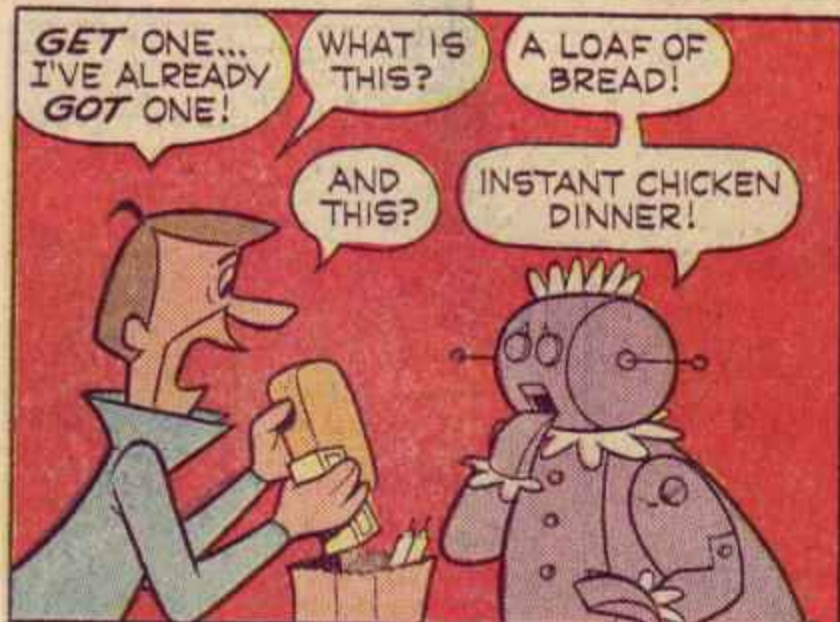
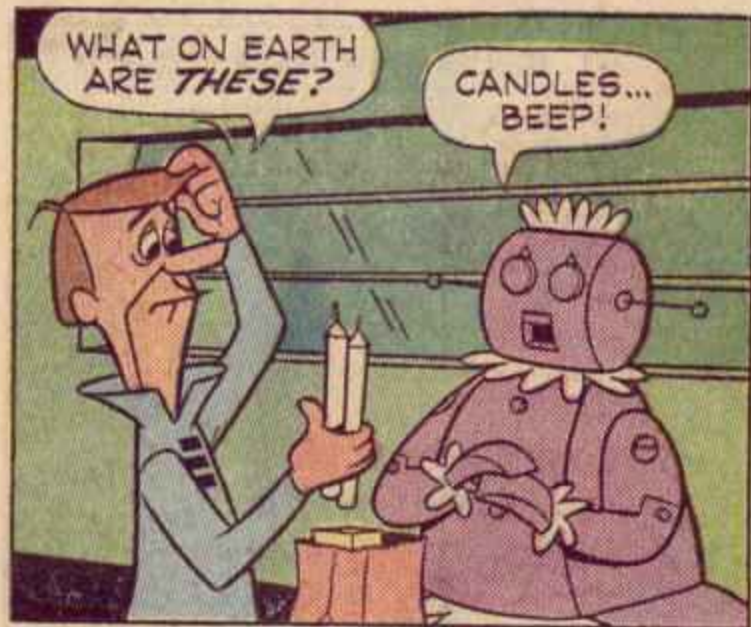
DID IT EVER DAWN ON  
YOU THAT IT HASN'T  
FAILED IN OVER  
FIVE YEARS?



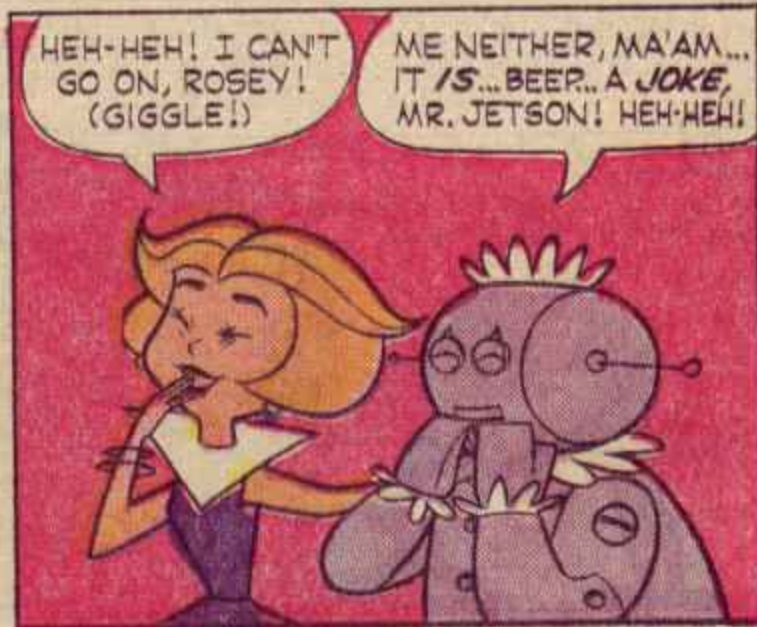
BUT...  
BEEP!

NO BUTS! NOW I'D JUST LIKE  
TO SEE WHAT YOU BOUGHT THAT'S  
GOING TO COST ME THAT  
REPAIR TO MY CAR!

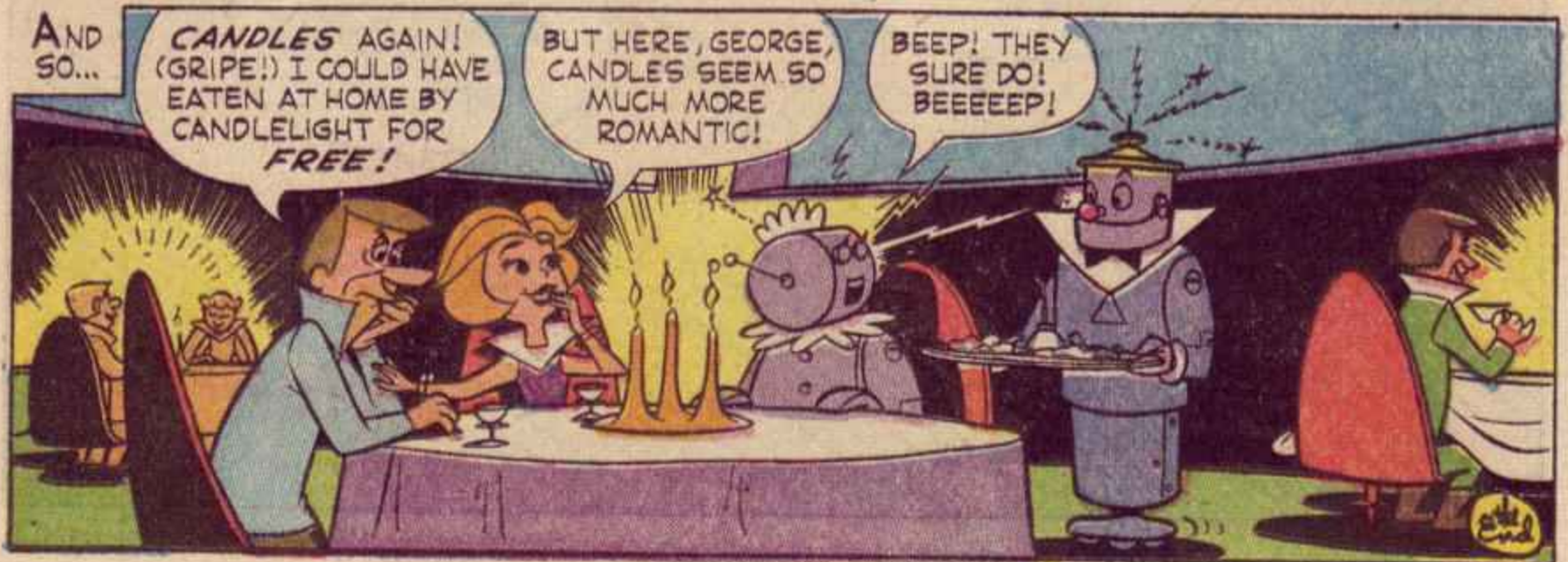
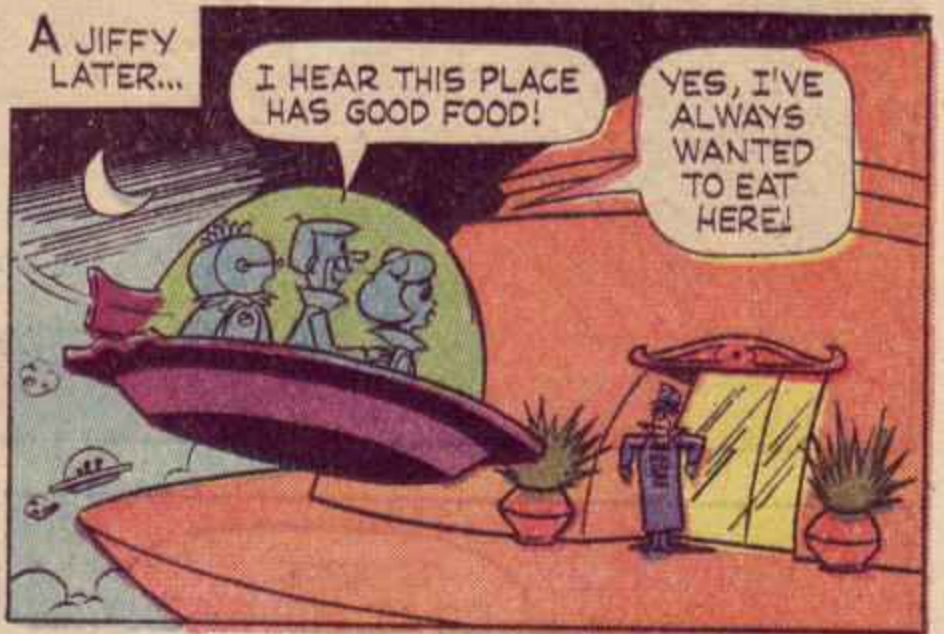
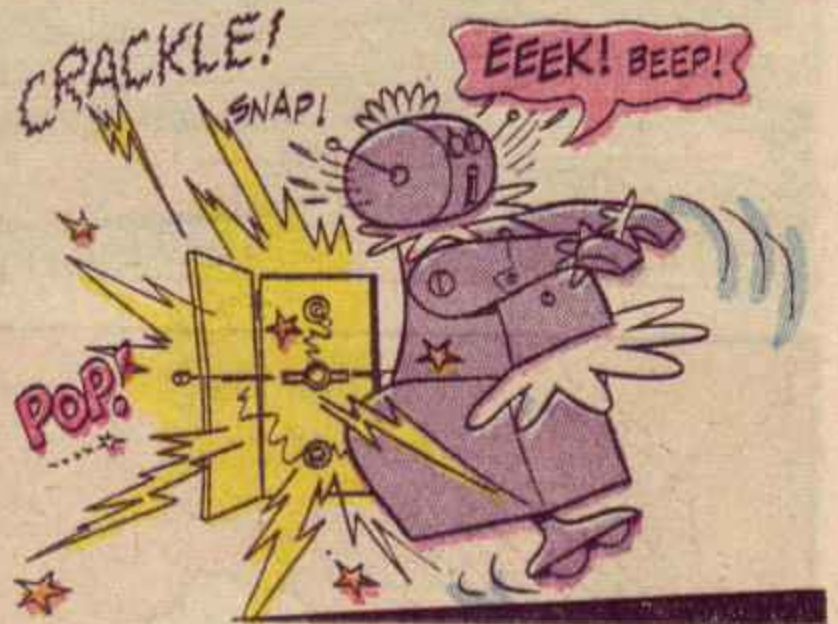
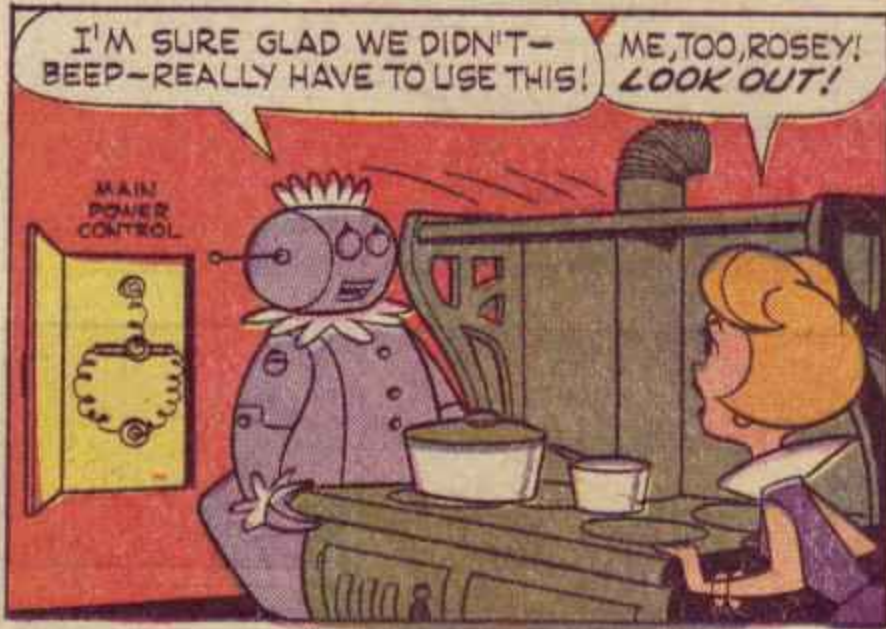
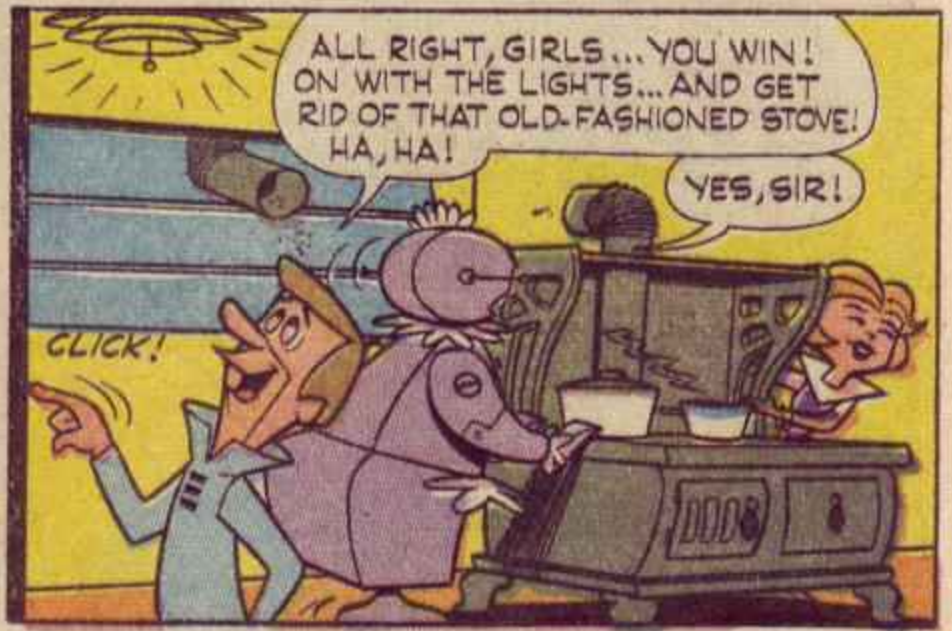






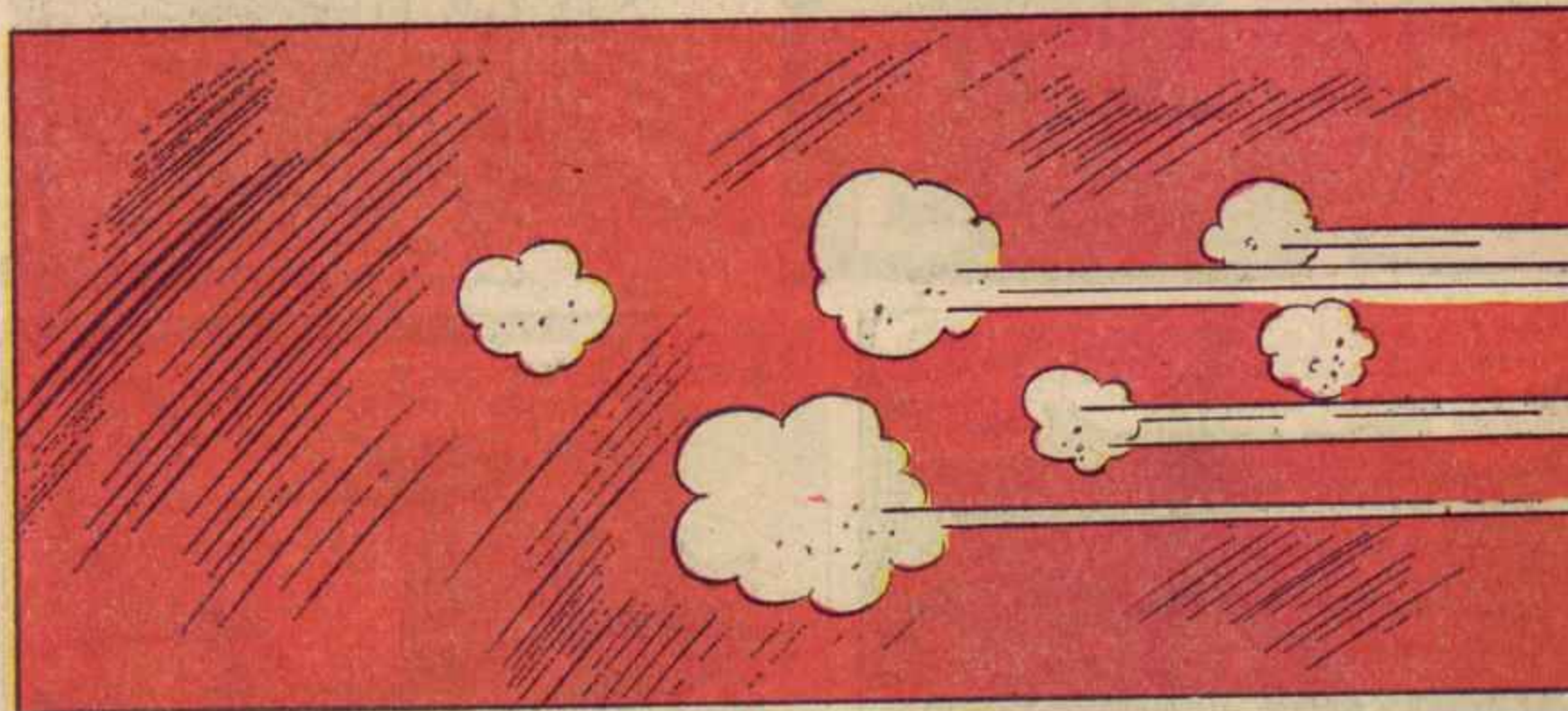
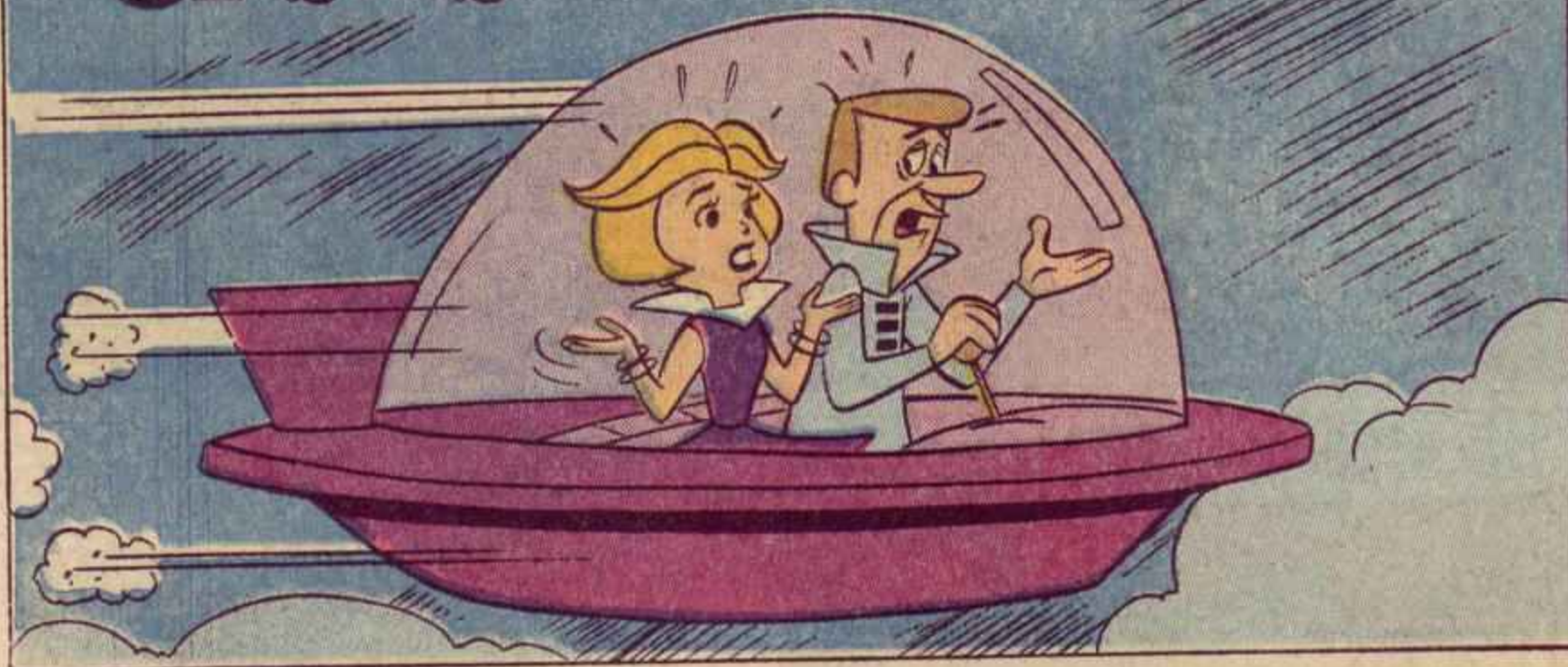








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**The JETSONS**

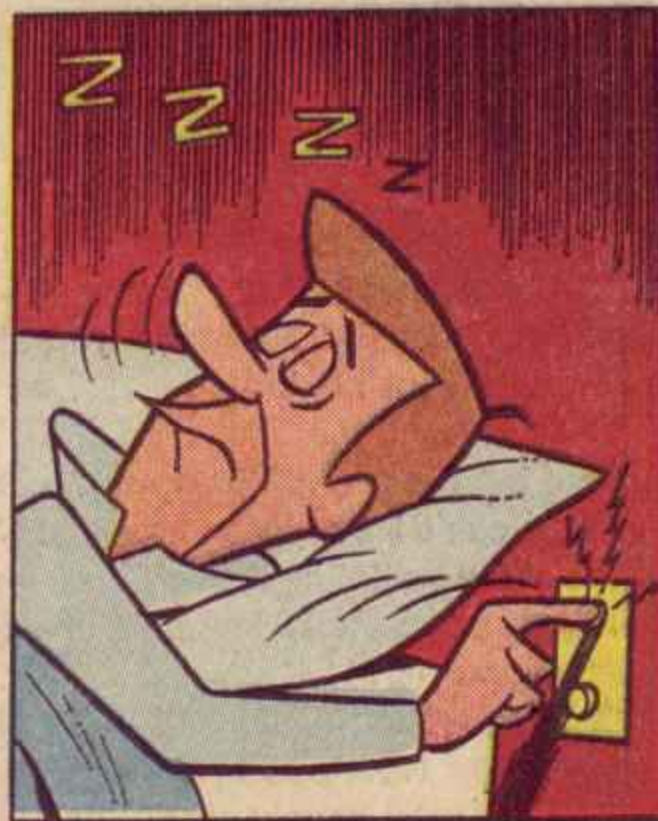
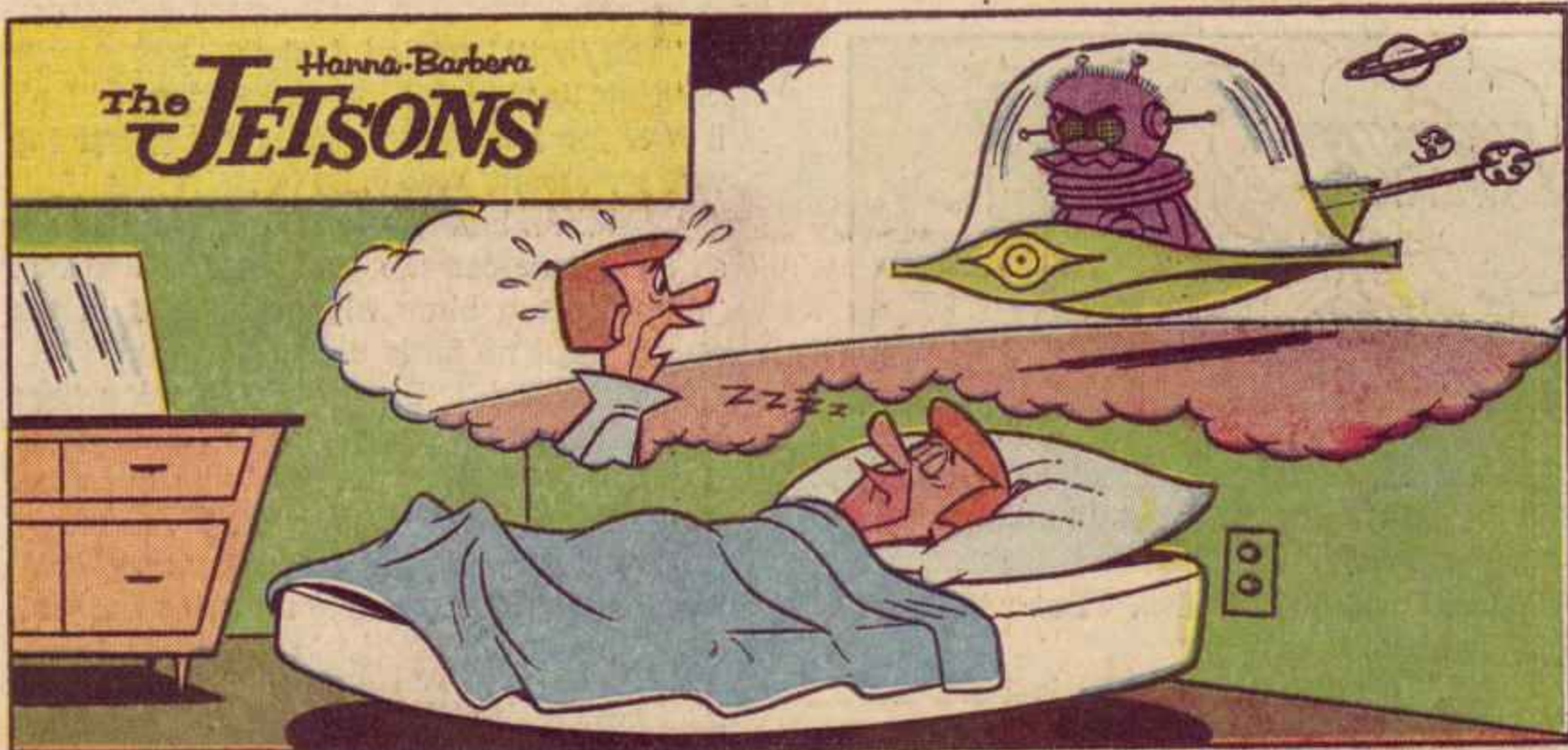


GEORGE...  
DON'T DRIVE SO  
FAST!

BUT, DEAR...  
WE'RE ONLY  
GOING A LITTLE  
FASTER THAN  
SOUND!



Hanna-Barbera  
**The JETSONS**







"I'm worried about Junior!" said Goonda to her husband, J. Evil Scientist. "I think there's something wrong with him!"

"Good!" cackled J. Evil. "But what's so terrible about that?"

"Well," replied Goonda, "he just sits and sulks in his room. He hasn't so much as pulled a chair out from under me all day!"

"Egad!" exclaimed J. Evil. "There's something *really* wrong! I'll go and see!"

So he went to Junior's room where his son sat sulking amongst the cobwebs.

"What's wrong, son?" asked J. Evil.

"Aw, I'm tired of all these worn-out old playthings," whined Junior as he threw a toy battering-ram at his father.

"Hah, missed me!" laughed J. Evil. "Now I know there's something wrong with you."

"Why can't I get some new toys?" asked Junior. "My guillotine doesn't even work and Mom just snaps those leg-irons apart when I put them on her!"

"Well," replied J. Evil, "I can't afford to buy any new toys, and besides, Ye Olde Toy Shoppe, where I bought those, has been out of business for three hundred years!"

Junior gazed out of the window gloomily as his father left. Then he saw some boys playing in a nearby field and got an idea. Why couldn't he trade one of his old toys for one of theirs?

So he grabbed an old battle-axe and ran off to the field. The first boy he met was flying a kite. "Would you like to trade your toy for mine?" asked Junior.

The boy's eyes lit up when he saw the axe. "You bet!" he cried happily.

So the deal was made and Junior ran off to show his new toy to his father.

"Look what I traded an old battle-axe for!" he cried with glee.

J. Evil looked at it dubiously. "What does it do?" he asked.

"You fly it!" replied Junior.

"Huh, is that all?" J. Evil snorted. "Isn't it *bad* for something? You know everything we have around here must be *bad*!"

"Well, uh, I don't know, Pop," said Junior as he ran across the field trailing the kite. "Maybe some birds will get caught in the string!" But no birds did.

"Bah!" said J. Evil. "All that thing does is fly around the sky gracefully. That's repulsive! I can't let you keep a thing like *that*! Your mother would disown us."

Then Junior noticed a thunderstorm coming up. "Would you like to try flying the kite, Pop?" he asked.

"All right," J. Evil grumbled, "but I don't think it's going to change my mind! This thing's no good — I mean *bad*!"

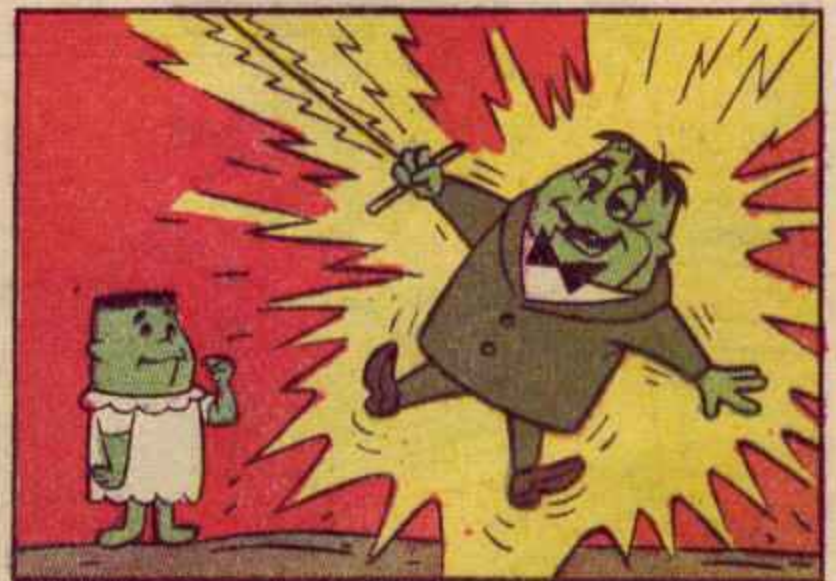
He took the string as the storm began to close in. The wind howled! Lightning flashed! Thunder roared and the rain came down in torrents!

"Oh boy!" cried J. Evil, leaning happily against the noisy metal drainpipe. "This is my kind of weather!"

Suddenly a tremendous lightning bolt hit the kite. It ran down the string and knocked J. Evil forty feet — into a mud puddle! He was stunned for a moment, but crawled out wiping mud from his face.

"Son," he said, "I've changed my mind. You can keep that kite! It's positively and wonderfully *dangerous*!"

"Gee, thanks, Pop!" said Junior happily. Then he said to himself, as J. Evil went off to the house, "It's a good thing Pop is sort of absent-minded, and forgot that a fellow named Ben Franklin used a kite to discover that lightning is electricity — because that was a *good* thing!"





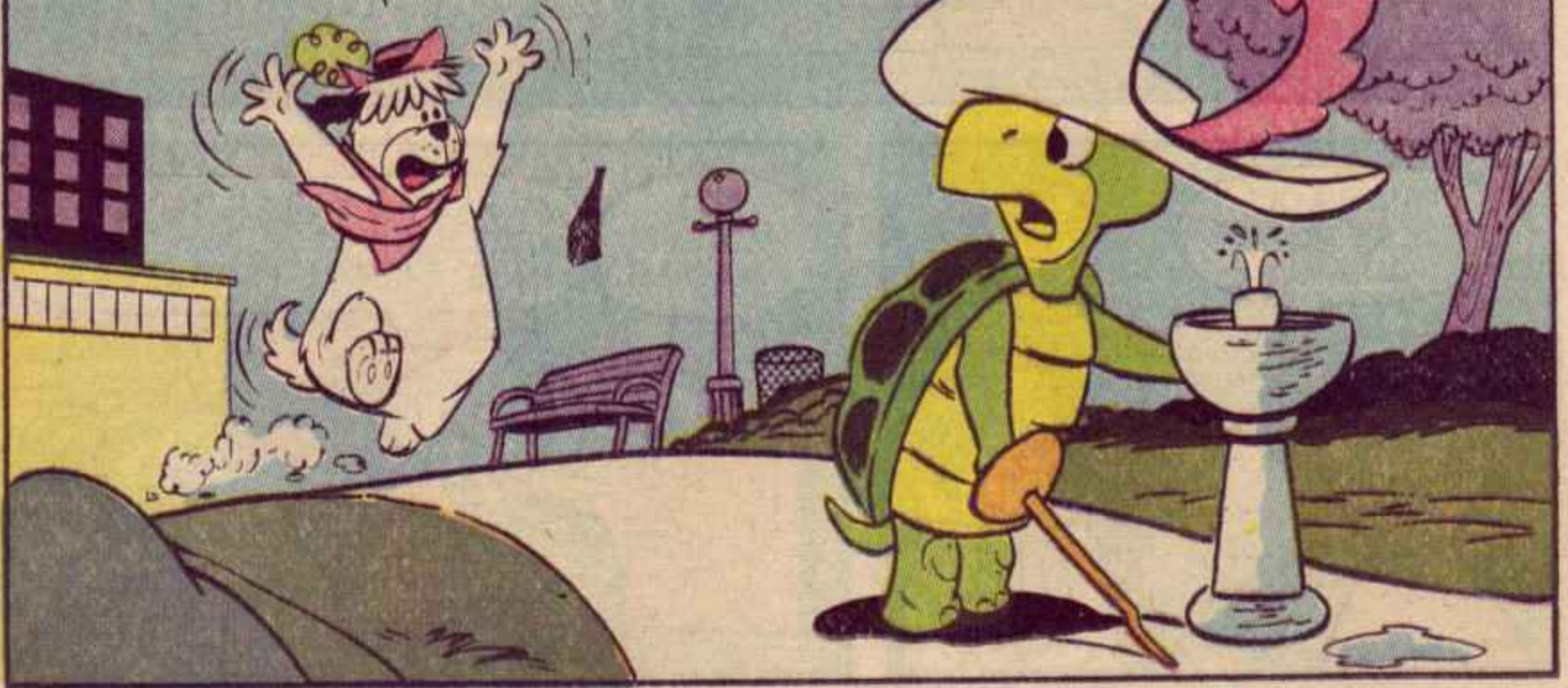
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# TOUCHÉ and DUM DUM

A DISTRESSING SITUATION

TOUCHÉ! TOUCHÉ!  
COME QUICK, THERE'S A  
LADY IN DISTRESS!

DON'T GET SO EXCITED,  
DUM DUM!



CALM DOWN  
AND GIVE ME  
THE FACTS!

I WAS WALKING BY  
THIS SHOP AND I HEARD  
A SCREAM—AND THEN...



THERE'S NO TIME  
TO DILLY DALLY,  
DUM DUM, WHEN A  
DAMSEL IS IN  
TROUBLE!

BUT I HAVEN'T  
TOLD YOU WHERE  
TO GO YET!



TOUCHÉ AND AWAY!

OKAY,  
OKAY!

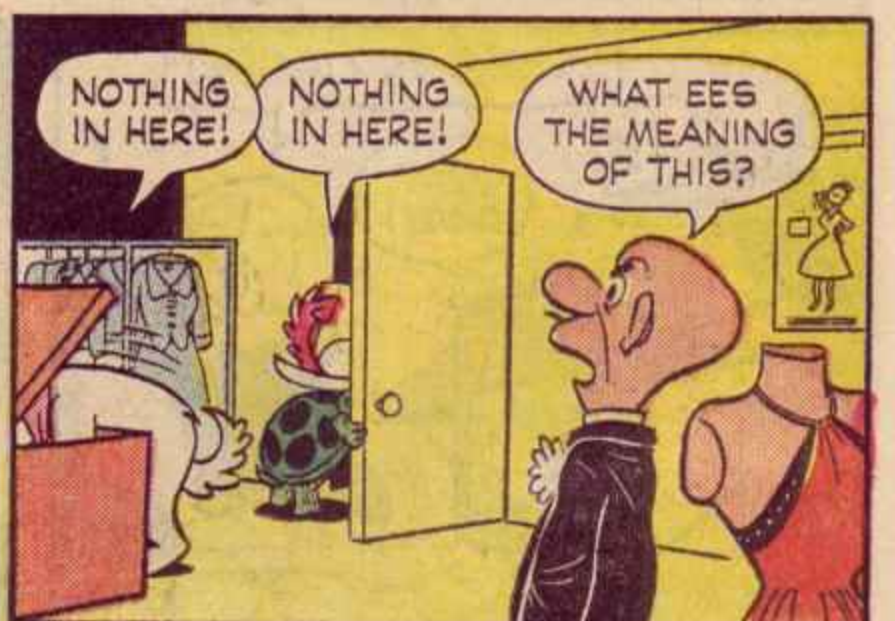


TOUCHÉ! HERE'S  
THE SHOP!

HUH?  
OH!



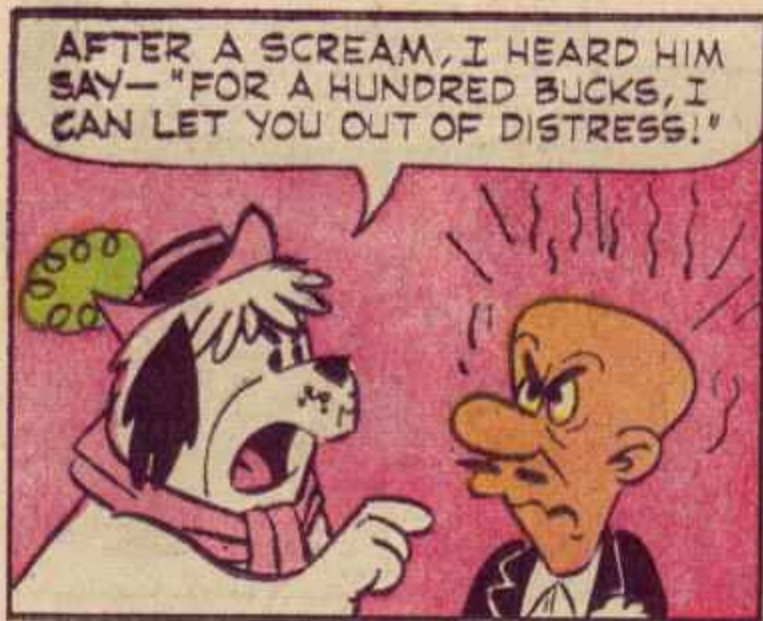




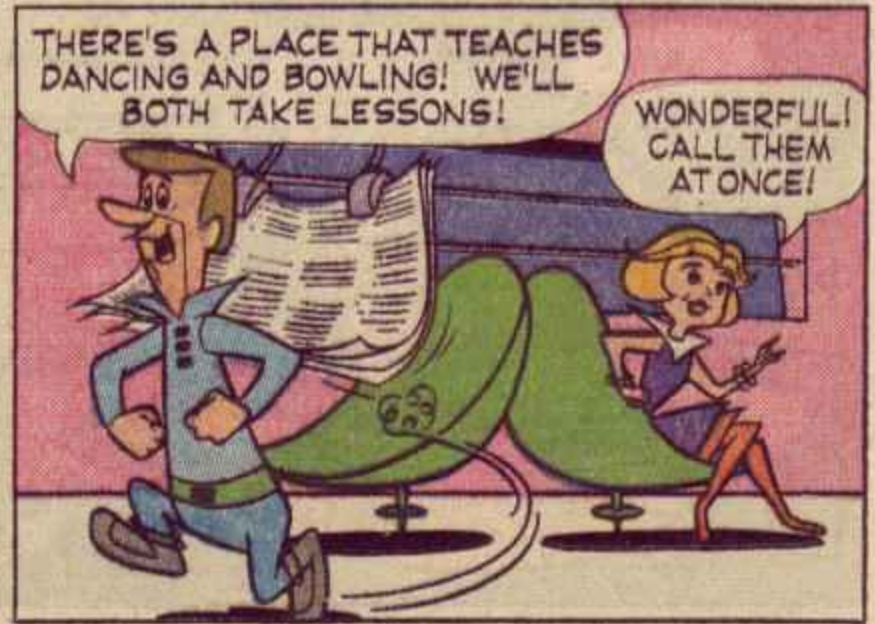
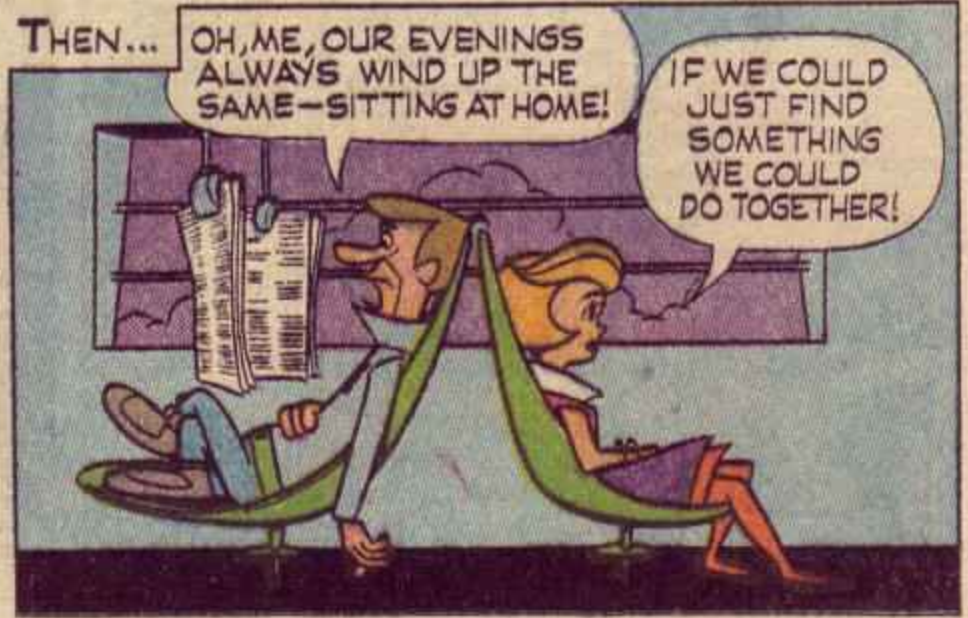








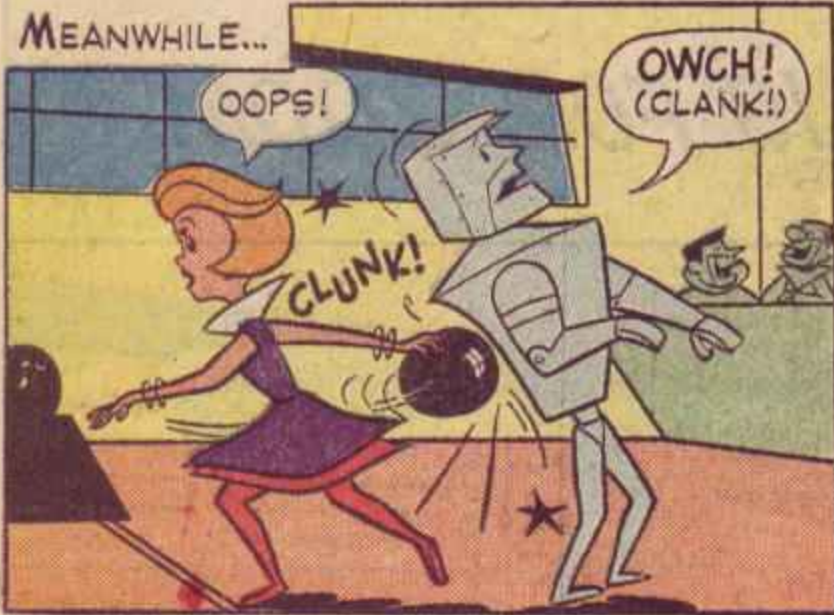




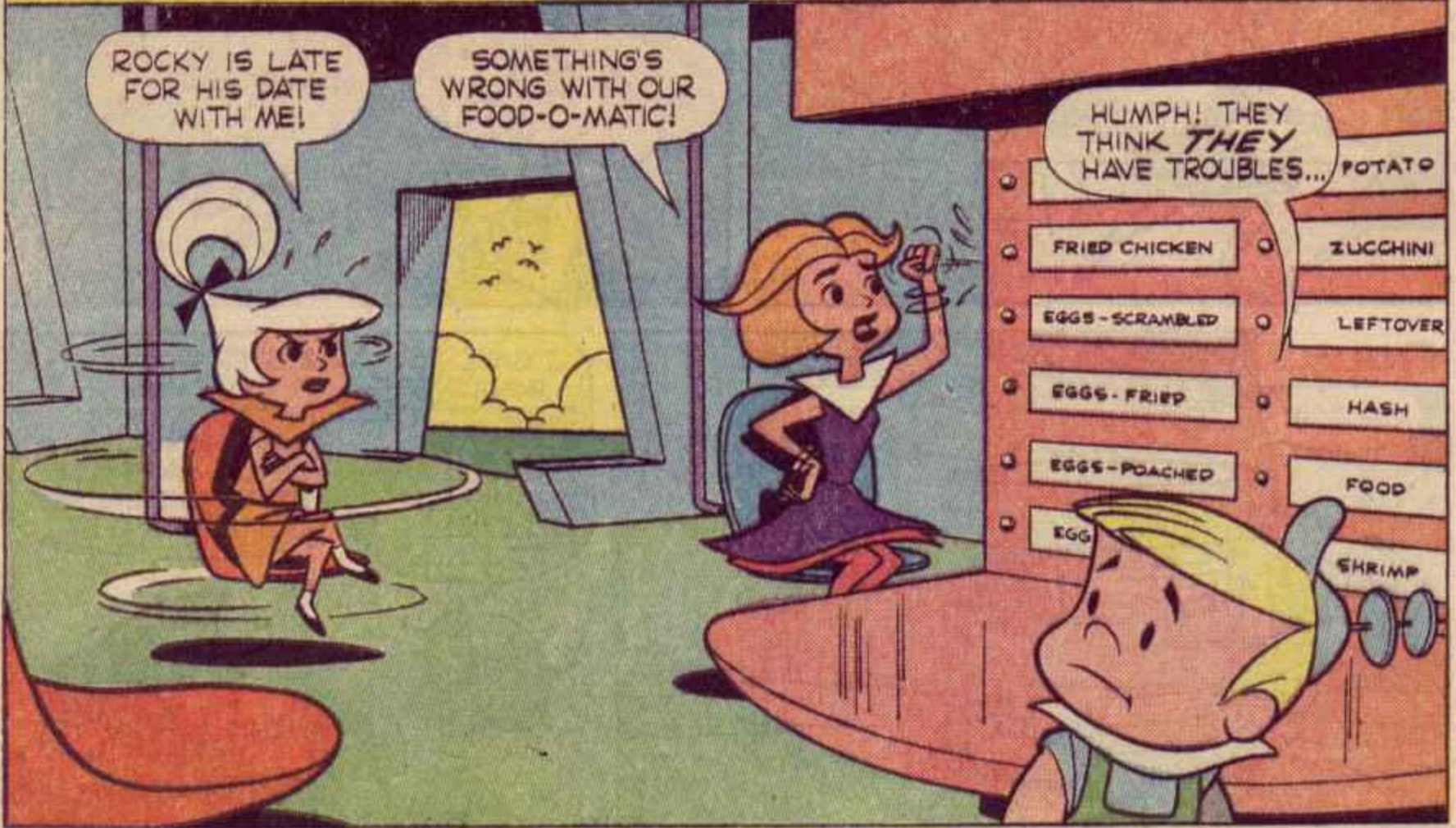




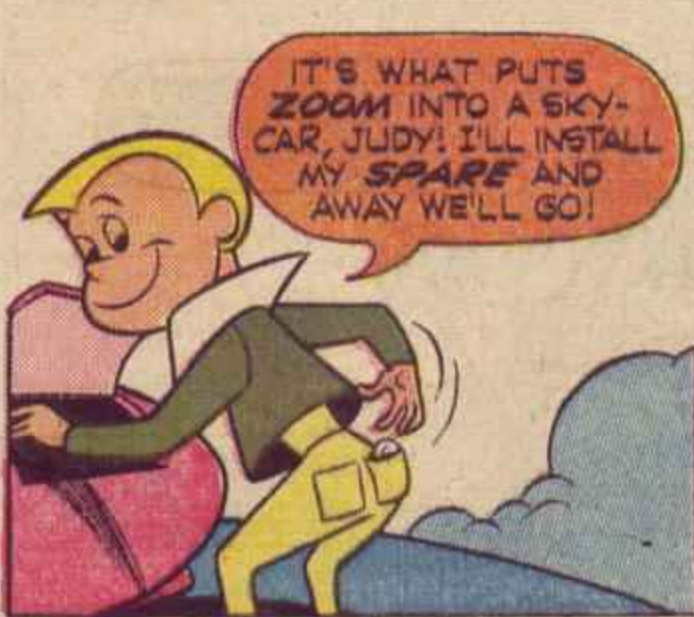




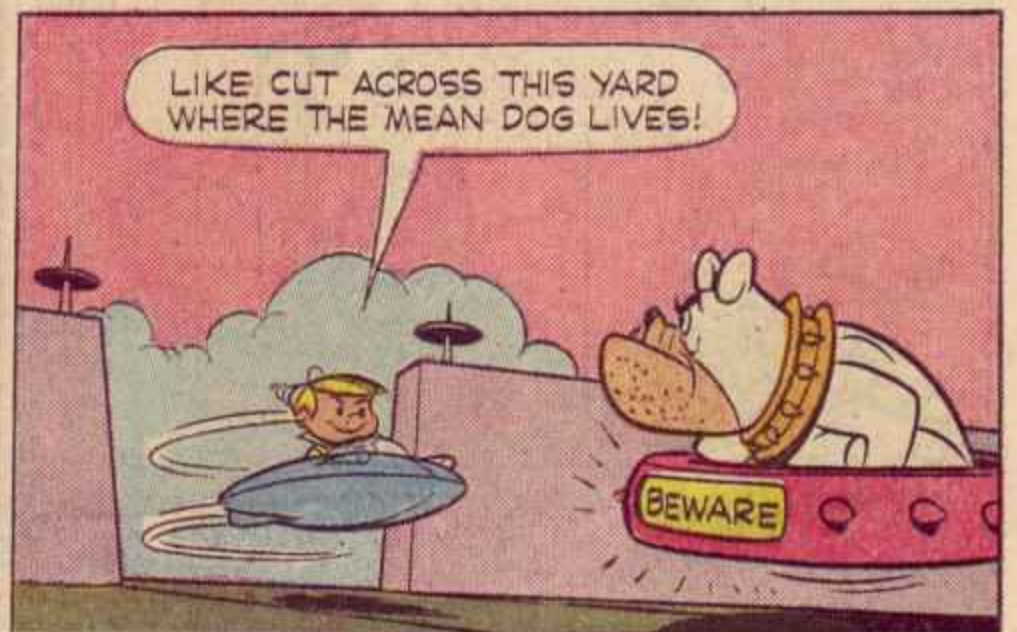
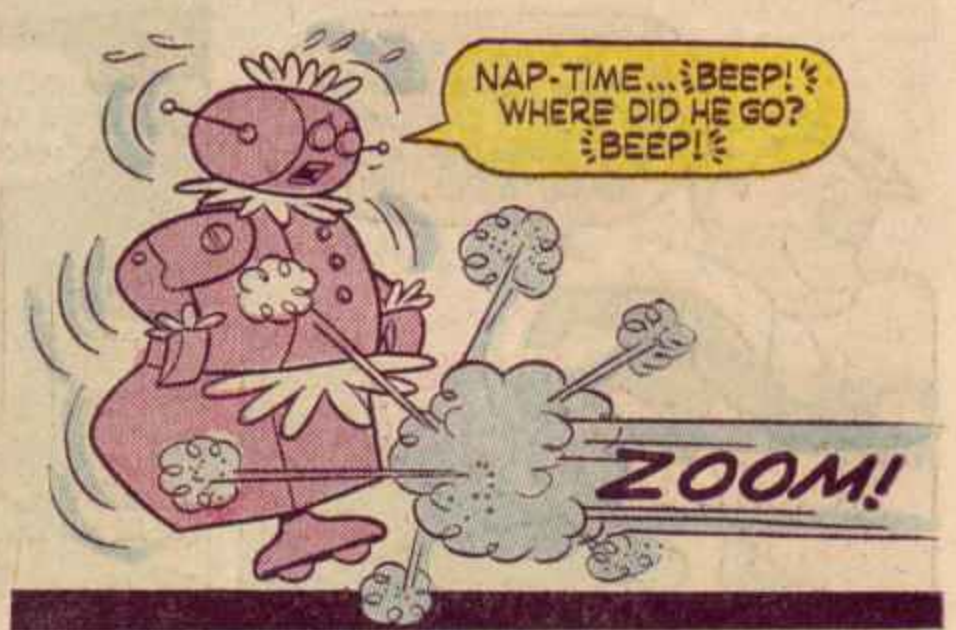




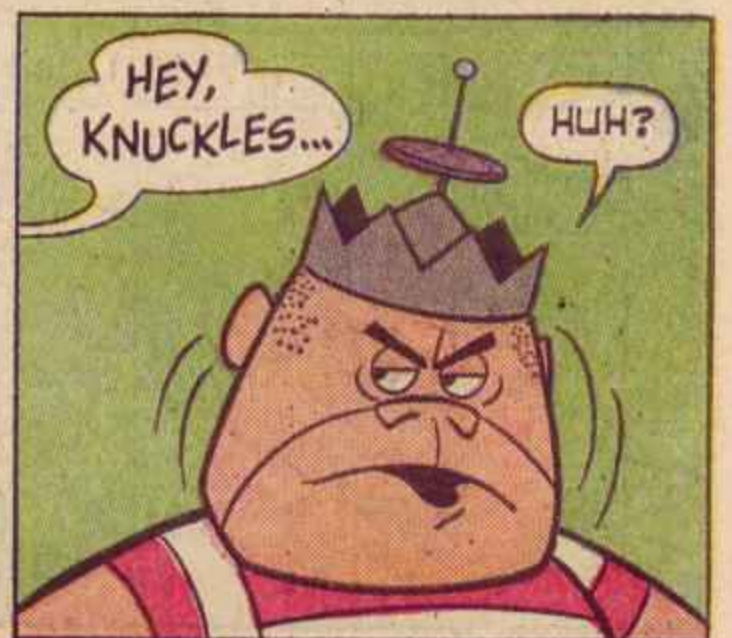
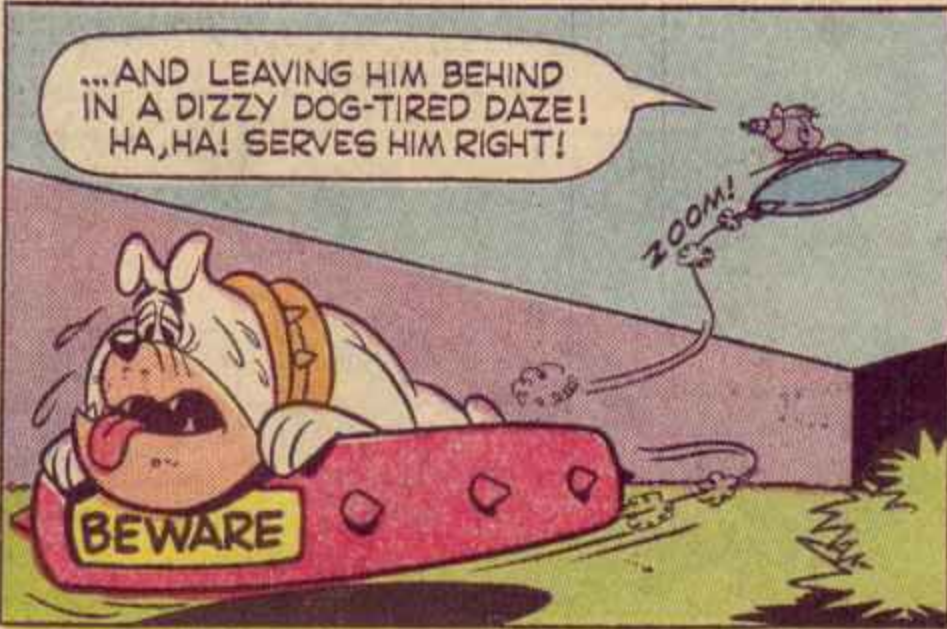








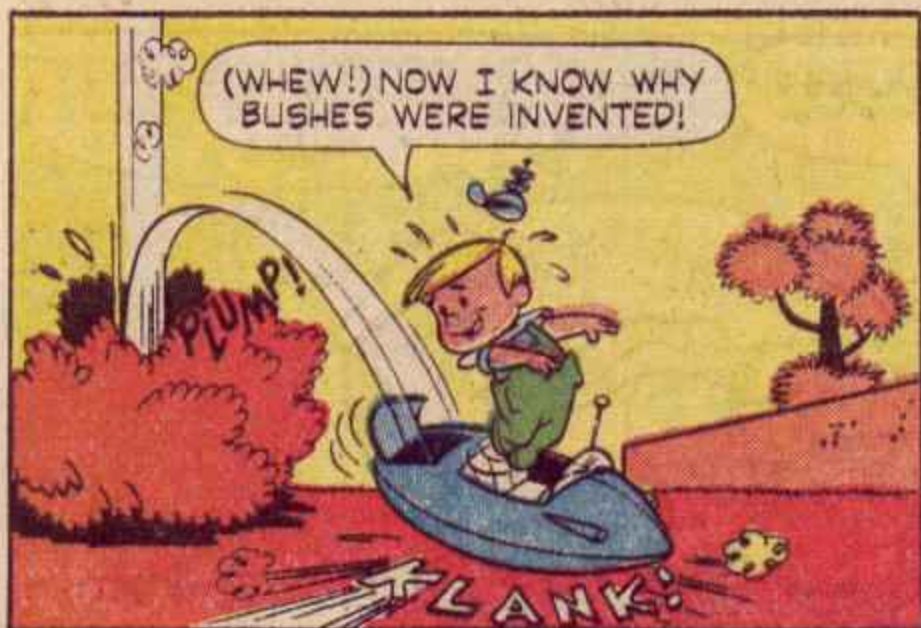












(WHEW!) NOW I KNOW WHY BUSHES WERE INVENTED!



WELL, WELL... LOOK WHO'S HERE!

R-RUFF!

OH, OH!



PREPARE TO BE KNUCKLED-UNDER...

GRRR!

WHAT A FIX!



BUT AS OFTEN IS THE CASE, EMERGENCY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION...

YAY! I'VE DISCOVERED A FANTASTIC NEW THING!

ZOOM!



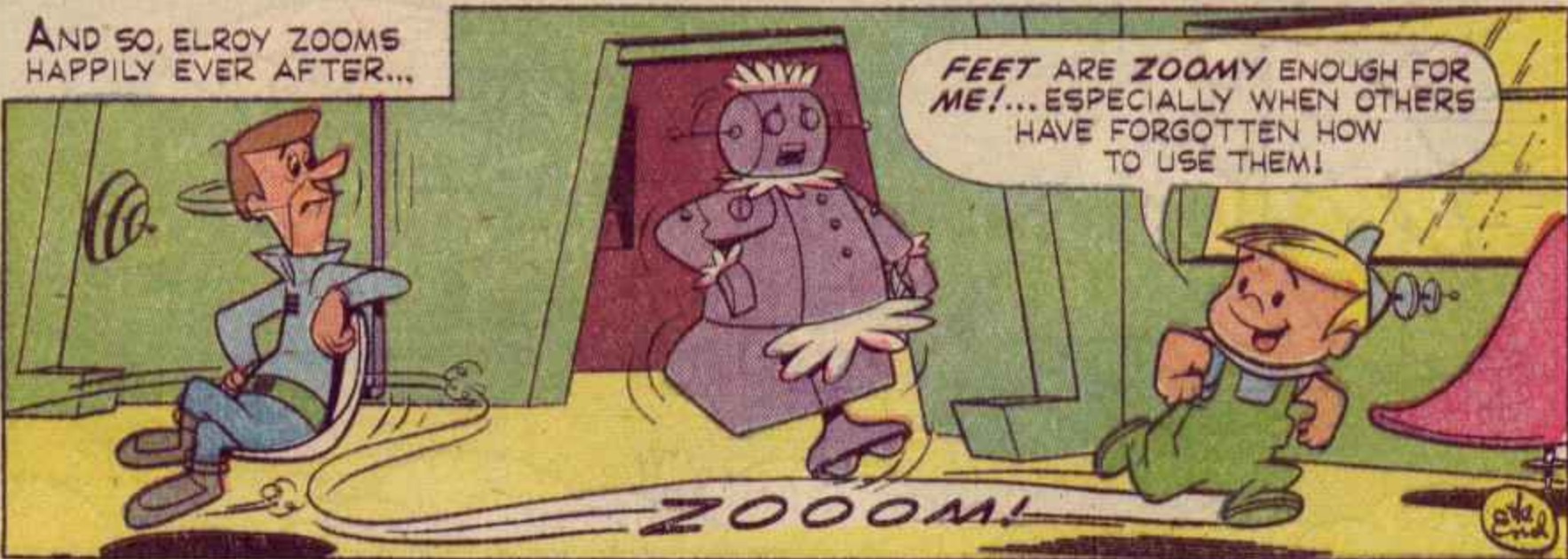
OOF! I MISSED AGAIN!



WHAT? WHERE? H-HOW DID HE GET AWAY?

GRR!

AND SO, ELROY ZOOMS HAPPILY EVER AFTER...



FEET ARE ZOOMY ENOUGH FOR ME!... ESPECIALLY WHEN OTHERS HAVE FORGOTTEN HOW TO USE THEM!

ZOOM!

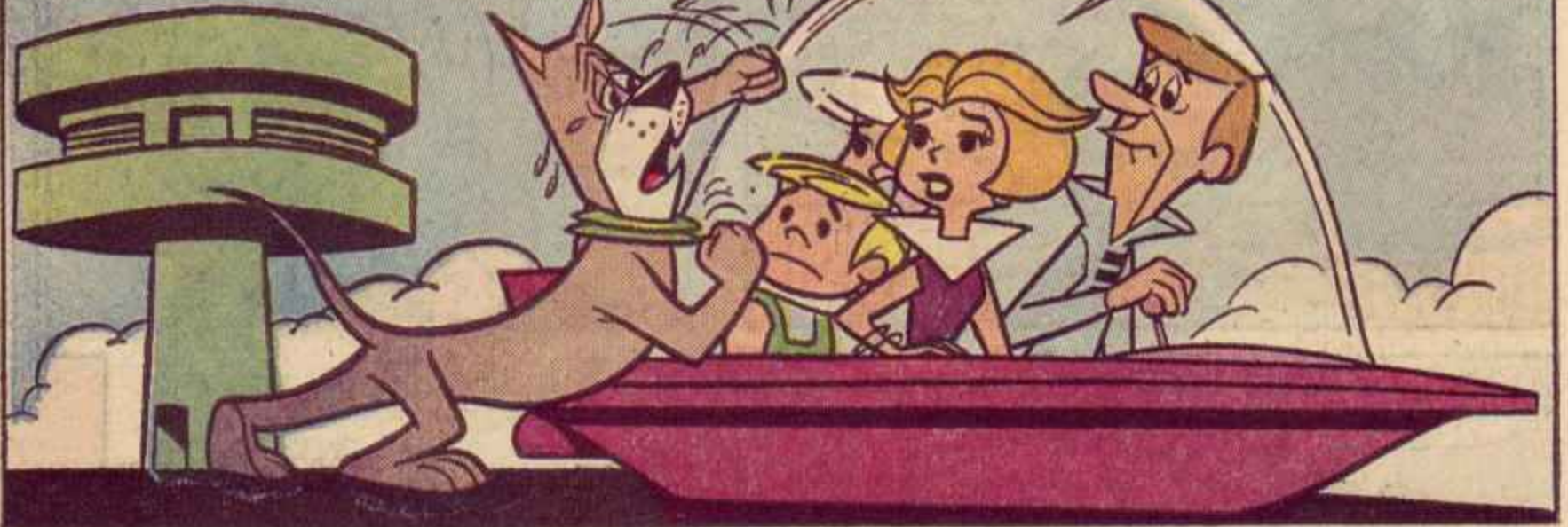




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**The JETSONS**

OWOOO!

OH, GEORGE... HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE LEFT HOME ALONE!

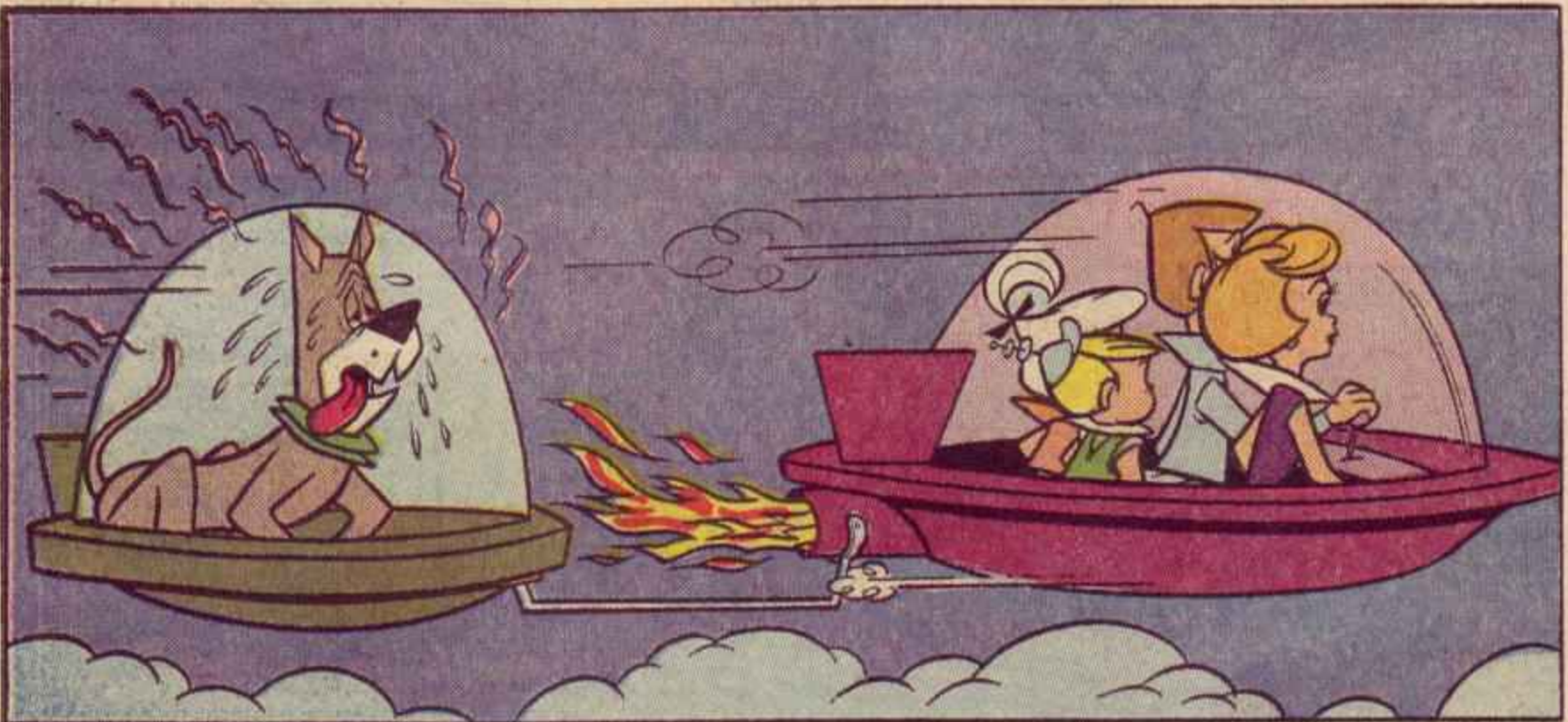


BUT THERE'S NO ROOM IN THIS COUPE FOR HIM!



WE COULD TOW HIM IN HIS DOG CAR!

OH... ALL RIGHT!





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**The JETSONS**

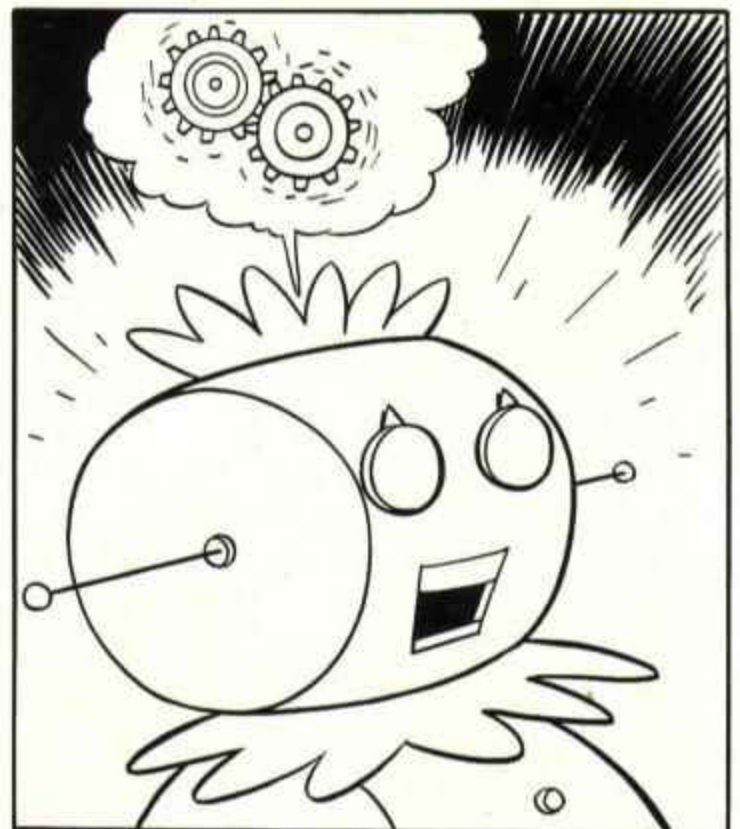
ROSEY, DON'T FORGET  
THE COOKIES!

ROSEY...PLEASE  
HURRY WITH THE  
TEA!



WHERE ARE THE SANDWICHES?

WE WANT COFFEE TOO!



TOOT!  
TOOT!

